

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.  
*Tam.* Give me thy poynard, you that know my boyes  
 Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

*Deme.* Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,  
 First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:  
 This Minion stood vpon her chastity,  
 Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,  
 And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,  
 And shall she carry this into her graue?

*Chi.* And if she doe,  
 I would I were an Eumuch,  
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead Trunke Pillow to our lust.

*Tamo.* But when ye haue the hony we desire,  
 Let not this Waspe out-live vs both to sting.  
*Chi.* I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:

Come Mistris now perforce we will enjoy,  
 That nice-preferr'd honestie of yours:  
*Lau.* Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.

*Tamo.* I will not heare her speake, away with her.  
*Lau.* Sweet Lords, intricate her heere me but a word:  
*Deme.* Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory

To see her teares, but be your hart to them,  
 As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.  
*Lau.* When did the Tigers young-ones reach the dam?

O doe not learne her wrath the taught it thee,  
 The milke thou suckt from her did turne to Marble,  
 Euen at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny.

Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,  
 Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie:  
*Choro.* What?

Wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?  
*Lau.* 'Tis true,  
 The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,

Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,  
 The Lion mow'd with pittie, did indure  
 To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.

Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,  
 The while't their owne birds famish in their nests:  
 Oh be to me though thy hart hart say no,

Nothing so kind but something pittifull.  
*Tamo.* I know not what it means, away with her.  
*Lau.* Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:  
 Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

*Tamo.* Hadst thou in person nere offended me,  
 Euen for his sake am I pittifull:  
 Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vaine,

To saue your brother from the sacrifice,  
 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,  
 Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.  
*Lau.* Oh *Tamora*,  
 Be call'd a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,  
 For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,  
 Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

*Tam.* What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?  
*Lau.* 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
 If euer mans eye may behold my body,

Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.  
*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,  
 No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

*Deme.* Away,  
 For thou hast staid vs heere too long.  
*Lauinia.* No Garace,

No womaphood? Ah beastly creature,  
 The blot and enemy to our generall name,  
 Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay then Ile stop your mouth  
 Bring thou her husband,  
 This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.

*Tam.* Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,  
 Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,  
 Till all the *Andronicus* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,  
 And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trunked shew.

*Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.*  
*Aron.* Come on my Lords, the better foote before,  
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe,  
*Quin.* My sight is very dull what ere it bodies  
*Marti.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while,  
*Quin.* What art thou fallen?  
 What subtle Hole is this,

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briars,  
 Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed blood,  
 As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers,

A very facall place it seemes to me:  
 Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Marti.* Oh Brother,  
 With the dismall object  
 That euer eye with sight made heart lament.

*Aron.* Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,  
 That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,  
 How these were they that made away his Brother.

*Marti.* Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,  
 From this vnhalow'd and blood-stained Hole?

*Quintus.* I am surpris'd with an vncooth feare,  
 A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,  
 My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

*Marti.* To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,  
*Aron* and thou looke downe into this den,  
 And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

*Quintus.* *Aaron* is gone,  
 And my compassionate heart  
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
 Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now  
 Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

*Marti.* Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,  
 All on a heape like to the slaughterd Lambe,  
 In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?  
*Marti.* Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare  
 A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,  
 Dorth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,  
 And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:

So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,  
 When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:  
 O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.

If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,  
 Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,  
 As hatefull as *Orcus* milke the mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,  
 I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,  
 Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:

I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.  
*Marti.* Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.  
*Quin.* Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,

Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,  
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Both full in.*

*Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.*

*Satur.* Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,  
 And what he is that now is leapt into it.  
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?  
*Marti.* The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,  
 Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.  
*Satur.* My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,  
 He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,

Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,  
 'Tis not an houre since I left him there.  
*Marti.* We know not where you left him all aliue,

But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.  
*Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*

*Tamo.* Where is my Lord the King?  
*King.* Heere *Tamora*, though grien'd with killing griefe.  
*Tam.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

*King.* Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,  
 Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.  
*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,  
 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,  
 In pleasing smiles such murderours Tyrannie.

*She giueth Saturnine a Letter.*

*Saturninus reads the Letter.*

And if we misse to meete him handsomely,  
 Sweet hnt man, *Bassianus* 'tis we meane,  
 Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,

Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward  
 Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:  
 Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury *Bassianus*  
 Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

*King.* Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?  
 This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,  
 Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out,

That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.  
*Aron.* My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.  
*King.* Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind

Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:  
 Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,  
 There let them bide vntill we haue deuist

Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.  
*Tamo.* What are they in this pit,  
 Oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered?  
*Tit.* High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,  
 I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,  
 Accused, if the faults be prou'd in them,  
*King.* If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?

*Tamora.* *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

*Tit.* I did my Lord,

Yet let me be their baile.

For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow

They shall be ready at your Highnes will,

To answere their suspection with their liues.

*King.* Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,

Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,

For by my soule, were there worse end then death,

That end vpon them should be executed.

*Tamo.* *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,

Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come *Lucius* come,

Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Emperesse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and  
 her tongue cut out, and drunke.*

*Deme.* So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

*Chi.* Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

And if thy stumps will let thee play the Scribe.

*Deme.* See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

*Chi.* Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Deme.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.

And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.

*Chi.* And 'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

*Deme.* If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

*Exeunt.*

*Winde Hornes.*

*Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.*

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vn gentle hands

Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments

Whose circkling shadows, Kings haue sought to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a Caimfon riuer of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountaine stit'd with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy hony breath.

But sure some *Terens* hath deflowerd thee,

And least thou shouldst detest them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spours,

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Tians* face,

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,

Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast

That I might raile at him to ease my mind,

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopp'd,

Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.

Paire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,

A craftier *Terens* hast thou met, withall

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

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That